Roses are in thy lips, O hellish smart,
If angry nettles grow upon thy heart,
Farewell thou pretty Mop, and me remember ;
Written in haste the twentieth of December
About the dinner hour of eleven

1597

Tyro thy Delphic sword till crows be old,
Till Ister be lukewarm, and Ganges cold.[5]

MR. WENTWORTH'S [c] PITHY EXHORTATION.'

Mr. Peter Wentworth (that was sent to the Tower at the time of the Parliament in '93 for pressing upon her Majesty, contrary to her strict command, to name the successor to the Crown), left behind him two treatises which are now printed in Scotland, a year after his death. In the first, entitled *A pithy exhortation^* urgeth upon her Majesty to establish her successor to the Crown, showing the conveniences and answering the inconveniences that would come of it; declareth that this would be the surest means to kill the hearts of all her enemies both here and in foreign countries, who are persuaded that if they could bereave the Queen of her life, then would her subjects have no one head to cleave and resort unto for succour, but should grow to civil war and unnatural division and be ready, every one of us, to cut each other's throats; and then were we easily al overrun by our enemies. In the second treatise answereth that *Conference* of .Doleman and holdeth that the King of Scots is the true successor.